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CHICKAMAUGA.

For 3 Years or During the War.

Sergeant Benj T. Strong's

BIOGRAPHY.

Co A 101 O. V. I.

LATE OF OBERLIN OHIO.

Edited and some additions made

By his comrade C. R. Green.

MEMBER OF THE

MISSISSIPPI VALLEY HISTORICAL ASSOCIATION.

KANSAS STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

FIRELANDS HISTORICAL SOCIETY, NORWALK OHIO.

PUBLISHED BY C. R. GREEN, OLATHE, KANSAS, NOV. 1913.



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LATE OF OBERLIN OHIO.

Reminiscences of his service in Co. A 101st O. V. I, Gen'l
DAVIS' Division, ARMY of the CUMBERLAND.

Prefaced by his short story of the Battle of Chicamauga, casualties of Co A, subsequent Prison Life and return Home.

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An Appendix giving C. R. Green's experiences Sept. and Oct. '63
on the Chicamauga Campaign and getting back to Nashville.

PUBLISHED BY C. R. GREEN, OLATHE, KANSAS, NOV. 1913.

An Edition of 300 Copies only.

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OBITUARY

Marcus D. Stevens of Co. A, 101 O. V. I who lived near New London, O, died Oct. 29, 1913. He was in the service until June, 1865, but not with the regiment more than a year. War ailments lingered with him all his life, and at the age of 70, carried him to his grave. C. R. Green visited him Sep. 1912 at his home.

Benjamin Talmage Strong, Sergaent of Co. A, 101st. O. V. I with home at Oberlin, O, died Oct. 27, 1913. Had been sick two months and died in a hospital with something like bloody flux. I visited him in his home at Oberlin, Sep. 1912.

MEMBERS OF CO. A LEFT ALIVE, SO FAR AS KNOWN

Capt. Benj. F. Bryant, Commandant of the Wisconsin Veteran's Home, near Madison, Wis.

Serg't Abel Knapp, New London, O.

Corporal Albert R. Hill, Breckenridge, Mich.

Corporal Patrick Brady, Shelby, O.

Chester S. Carr, 1752 Stout street Denver, Colorado.

Miles E. Cartwright, East Norwalk, Ohio.

Charles R. Green, Olathe, Kansas.

Harmon Gaston, Clyde, Ohio. very uncertain

Phillip Henley, 611 North Anglin st., Clebourne, Tex.

Wilbur Kingsley, 330 Lemon Ave., Dallas, Texas.

Wm. M. Miner, California ave., near Lake st., Chicago. Ill.

John Thompson, Monroeville, Ohio.

Herman G. Webster, Monroeville, Ohio.

John Whaley, Ohio Soldier's Home, Sandusky, Ohio.

SERG'T STRONG'S STORY OF THE CHICAMAUGA BATTLE.

When I visited Benj. Strong last year (1912) I was anxious to have a good talk with him about this battle Co. A. went into the battle with 16 men, and Lieut. Benj. F. Bryant. They came out with the Lieutenant and four men present with the regiment. Strong, myself and probably others of the company have visited the battle field in these later years, and tried to reconcile our experiences into one general story. We have agreed nearly as to

who of the company was in the battle, and what happened to each. Strong and myself were each wounded in our arms on the 2nd day. By some lively sprinting for a couple of miles, I escaped capture, and in six months was well and back with my regiment, where I remained most of the time (gone 3 months after Franklin battle), to the end of the war. Strong went through Rebel prisons and was so disabled by his wound that he was discharged May 1864. The following is a short story I got of him the last time I saw him: I wrote it down as he talked.

He says: Orderly Sergeant Fred Jefferson left us at Winchester. I then became O. S., and at Chicamauga, there was 17 men to draw rations of Co. A. This included Lieut. Bryant, Harmon Martin who drove ambulance and Sydney Hoff, was present with the regiment as the Surgeon's assistant and stretcher-bearer, because from Stone river battle he always had a crippled hand, and would not be discharged. This left for battle 16 men and Bryant.

THE FOLLOWING IS THE LIST

Sam Wilson was mortally wounded and left on the first day's battlefield, never seen after.

George Lamaroux, killed and left on the first day's battlefield.

Fred Haller, shot in the head, and left on the first day's battlefield, recovered, and after 15 months of prison life again joined the regiment

George Coleman, shot and captured, died.

Abe Inman, shot in groin and captured, died.

Wm. McPherson, wounded but escaped.

John R. Griffin, wounded twice but escaped.

John McGraw, wounded but escaped.

John Base, captured, lost on steamboat.

C. R. Green, wounded but escaped.

B. T Strong, wounded and captured.

Lieut. Bryant, Sergt. Knapp, Pat Brady and (.....) 4 men left.

Strong says that he went through the first day's battle all right, "The second day's battle Bryant and seven men entered the battle line in the hastily-built breastworks with the regiment about 1 p.m. I only fired two or three rounds, when on looking down

the line to the left, I see that all had risen up from the slight breastwork, and were retreating with much confusion. I saw no one that I knew. I ran to our RIGHT, slightly oblique. I may have been 8 or 10 rods away when I got a shot in my left arm across below the elbow, crushing or fracturing both bones and left a numb feeling. I fell down, and almost directly a Rebel line of soldiers passed over me. One grabbed for my new white felt hat, but was going so fast he missed it. Another line passed by, and one of the Confederates offered me a drink of water, the third line went by and then they began to return, and I was ordered to get up and go to the rear, where were many rebel wounded.

I went thus a mile or more across to the south side of Chicamau-ga Creek over the Reed bridge. Here was a Field Hospital, conducted by the Rebels and two of our Surgeons. I was looked at and it was decided to let my arm go then, but it was thought that it would have to be cut off. It went thirteen days without any further attention on the doctor's part.

I had no bandage suitable, but took my red handkerchief that the Rebs had helped me to make a sling for my arm with on the battlefield, and finally getting a white bandage, I was able to go down to the creek, wash and dress my arm alone daily. One day, ten days after the battle, I ran on to Abe Inman, who was shot in the groin and lying there. He no doubt died right there, as I never saw him any more.

In a few days a lot of us was hauled 5 or 6 miles to Ringgold Station, 3 weeks after the battle, and shipped to Atlanta. At Ringgold Station I found Fred Haller. He could walk then, although a bullet had gone through his head, we kept together after that.

At Atlanta, we ran onto Geo. Coleman, who had been shot through the bowels, but was now able to walk. So there were three of us Co. A boys together, but in a week we were separated. Coleman was left at Atlanta, Haller and I were sent to Richmond, the lower story of Libby Prison, because our officers were up stairs. They having heard that we had not been fed for two or three days, contributed to our relief, which in the end made our lot worse. We were in Libby three days, then taken up the Hill to another prison where we found Harmon Martin of Co. A who, as an Ambulance driver, though not present with the Co. in the battle, had been



B. T. STRONG.

C. R. GREEN.

1866

TEACHER.

STUDENT

AGE 23½ YRS.

AGE 21 YRS.

Here we see pictured out two young men, home from the War, and polished up by a year or so of Milan O. Normal School learning. Each taught school several terms before they settled down to steady farm life. The Author of this went to Kan. in 1867 and grew up with it. His comrade staid there in Ohio. These Gem tin types of War and School days answered then, but are poor excuses now, 50 years later to have an engraving made from.

captured in some way or other. Thus there were 3 of us again, for about 36 hours, when our names were called, and I thought it was for EXCHANGE, and was so disappointed because I was not called out. Martin and Haller were called, and as I learned afterwards were taken down to Andersonville. Haller was held a prisoner 15 months.

I was taken out to the hospital and operated on. No Ether or Chloroform were used. The Surgeon made an incision about four inches long in my left arm, and with his fingers took out the bones. My left arm was one inch shorter than the right. I entered the Union lines at City Point. I was a prisoner 58 days. I was paroled for 2 weeks. I went direct to Annapolis, reaching there Nov. 18, 1863. Here paroled prisoners were kept until exchanged. I was cleaned up, and discarding my old coat, I forgot my Diary and the knife and fork got at the Preacher's, * in the pocket.

I left Annapolis, Md. after New Years. I was sent to New Albany, Ind. Then a party was made up for Camp Chase, (near Columbus, O.) and I was put in it, one night in the camp. Then I was sent to the Hospital. In due time a furlough was given me home, and when out, time extended, and upon my return to the Hospital, I received an honorable discharge May 5, 1864.

ANSWERS TO SOME QUESTIONS.

I have a good memory of my war service. I was with my Command pretty steady from start to Chicamauga.

At the Stone River Battle, I was one of the ten men left to answer to roll call out of 28. I was in the same Division Hospital tent sick at Murfreesboro, the spring of 1863, when our Co. A comrade, Henry Fish died. The doctor said to me one day, you are able to walk around and help in the garden, but I put out to the Army and went with my Company. I visited Chicamauga Battlefield in 1904, and spent nearly a week looking up our positions during the Battle. I have maps and books in plenty on the Battle, and have made talks about the Battle before public assemblies.

*Charles Green, Benj. Strong, and others of Co. A, who the first weeks' service, Sept., 1862, were out on picket several miles from Covington, Ky., watching against the Rebel Gen'l, Kirby Smith's advance, entered a deserted preacher's house between the lines, and provided themselves with knives, spoons, etc., for their camp use. C. R. Green carried his knife the 3 years of war and has it and other articles got then in his war museum.

TO MY COMRADE'S MEMORY.

This war story of Sergt. B. T. Strong, of Oberlin, O., who enlisted Aug. 1862, from Wakeman, O, in Co. A, 101st. O. V. I., along with some ten others from that town, and outlived all of them by some 3 years, was written out and printed Nov. 8 to 13, 1913, by Charles R. Green, a fellow-townsmen and comrade during the war, and is dedicated to his memory, with the hopes that the children of Comrade Strong will always remember what the father went through that our Union might be preserved, and the stain of slavery wiped out. And as a testimonial to Benj. T. Strong's unflinching integrity all through life, and his influence always towards what lifted man up, I send this little work out to help make up the "Annals of the War".

Charles R. Green, Olathe, Kansas. Publisher.

HISTORY OF BENJAMIN TALMAGE STRONG

AND HIS COMRADES, THE WAKEMAN BOYS, IN

THE 101ST. OHIO VOLUNTEER INFANTRY,

IN THE CIVIL WAR.

Benjamin Talmage Strong was born in Wakeman, Ohio, April 10, 1843. His parents were Cyrus Strong and Susan Ann Curtis, of Woodbury, Conn., who came to Wakeman in the spring of 1827; they being the first family to settle east of the Center, and the only road to their place being an Indian trail. Here they lived in a log house on the bank of the Vermillion river, until about 1840, when they built the frame house on the Center road. In the new house the author of this narrative was born. When he was five years old he commenced going to school in the old Red School House, one half mile west of the Center, having to travel one and one-half miles, which was rather tough on a five year old. At this time there was no house east of Brandy Creek but there was a small clearing on the hill east of the creek. It is the farm now owned by Mr. Hurst, then belonging to Elias Robinson. There was also a clearing on the opposite side of the road, the rest of the way was all woods. His first teacher was Mariette Hyde, and some of his schoolmates were Samuel Wilson, Henry Deck, Albert Bunce, Ferdinand Farrand, Wilber Sherman, Cecil Abbott, and Charles Abbott. Charles Abbott was the first person killed by the cars Aug. 13, 1853, in Wakeman. It was at the time of the opening of the Cleveland and Toledo R. R., when the company gave a free excursion to Toledo. Abbott and some other boys were left at home and they got to playing with some flat cars on the switch and he got his head between the bumpers with the usual result. Sam Wilson got his hand badly hurt at the same time. That first summer, the board of education built the new school house back of the Episcopal church, and that winter school took up in the new house. It was filled to overflowing,

some of the scholars being young men and women. It was a bitter, cold winter, and between the cold and the crowded house the little fellows stood a poor chance of making much advancement in English or Mathematics. The teacher that winter was George Smith, who was a stern Disciplinarian. At the age of about thirteen, Benjamin's services being needed on the farm, the summer schooling was discontinued. The only chance he had of gaining an education afterwards, being the three or four months of winter school. Time rolled along until the fall of 1860, when the great rail-splitter campaign came on, and to help the interests of the party, a large, wide-awake company was formed of which Strong was a member, they drilled nights by their torches in 'Squire Bacon's meadow, Capt. Carley being drill master. In the meantime, a pole, having the regulation maul on top was raised near where John Griffin's house now stands. The county offered a prize of a silk banner to the company having the largest gain over the last election. Wakeman won the prize. On a certain evening after the election, all the companies in the county met at Norwalk, and after a grand parade, the banner was presented to the Wakeman company. This little bi-play of soldiering might have seemed foolish to many, but there was nothing equal to it, for arousing the Patriotism of the young men and boys of the North, and preparing them for the great struggle that was soon to come. The pent-up mutterings of the South soon broke out in loud threats of Secession, and they soon took measures to carry those threats into execution. On the 12th day of April, 1861, the overt act was committed by firing on Fort Sumpter. Instantly the whole North was in the most intense excitement, and as soon as the call for 75 thousand was made, many times that number responded, but it was thought that a few men would be sufficient, and the Government was poorly prepared to equip a large force, so many eager men were turned back. It soon became evident that we

were engaged in no picnic, and after we had met with some dismal defeats, the President called for 300 thousand to serve for three years. After many defeats and disappointments, the President, on the first day of July 1862, called for a second 300 thousand to serve three years, or during the war, and under this call, twelve Wakeman boys responded, namely:

| | | |
|-------------------|------------------|-------------------|
| Harmon H. Martin, | Elwood Martin, | Lovel R. Simmons, |
| James Marks, | Alpheus Welch, | Albert R. Hill, |
| John Hasbrook, | Gideon D. Webb, | Sam'l W. Wilson, |
| Wm. H. Russell, | John R. Griffin, | Benj. T. Strong. |

For some unknown reason Marks and Simmons were not mustered. This enlistment occurred on the 9th and 11th days of August, 1862, and in a few days these boys reported at Norwalk, where the Co. was to assemble. While in Norwalk, the Co. was drilled by an ex-three months man from New London, Justus F. Brisock, who subsequently became Orderly of the company. They got their meals under a long shed back of the old Farmer's Hotel, and slept wherever they could find a place. Some were lucky enough to have friends in town and fared very well. After three or four days the company was moved to Monroeville, where our Norwalk experience was repeated for two or three days more, until the Barracks were completed, when the several companies were marched one half mile north of town and took possession of their new home. Here the time was spent drilling and guarding camp and outfitting until the 30th day of August, when the regiment was mustered into the United States service for three years or during the war, being designated as the 101st O. Vol, Inf., and the company in which the Wakemen boys were placed, Co, A, and their position in line, the Right of the regiment. The 4th. day of Sept. 1862, the Regt. was ordered to Cincinnati to help repel the threatened invasion of Kirby Smith, who was approaching Cincinnati. Alpheus Welch was left at camp Monroeville,

and after a time, Nov. 19, '62, received his discharge at Columbus, O. Arriving at Cincinnati in the morning the Regt. marched to the market house where they were provided with a bountiful breakfast, and were marched across the river and up a long hill to Covington Heights, where the Union Forces were building a fort. (Going up this hill John Hasbrook gave out, and was sent back to Cincinnati, and later at Louisville, he was discharged Nov. 26, 1862.) It would take too much space to tell the many ludicrous things that happened while the Regt. lay in front of Fort Mitchell, (as the fort was named after the General and an Astronomer of that name.) But the Rebels did come almost within musket range, and their camp was not more than a mile away. After about two weeks of exciting times, the Regt. was ordered to Louisville to join Buell's army who were having a race with Gen. Bragg, to see who should be the first to drink out of the Ohio river. On the way to Louisville the Regt. had a novel experience. On leaving Cincinnati, someone telegraphed ahead that the Regt. was on the road and when the train, which was composed of flat cars, box cars, cattle cars and any old cars, arrived at Seymour, Ind., it was stopped near a lumber yard, and when the soldiers alighted they found the lumber piles covered with all manner of eatables. On getting word that the boys were coming, the women with one accord, flew to their flour barrels, and for the next few hours, there were lively times in that little town. Hot bread, hot beans, hot cakes, hot coffee, everything hot. It was something long to be remembered, especially as it was the last meal they were to eat in a civilized country in many a long month. To show their appreciation, the boys on leaving the town, gave three loud cheers with a tiger for the ladies of Seymour. Arriving at Louisville the Regt. was marched through the city, going into camp on the outskirts. Some of the Wakeman boys from the 41st O. V. Inf'ty, who were with Buell's army came into camp, and their own parents would not have known them, they were so ragged and

dirty, after their long march from Corinth, Miss. While the Regt. lay at Louisville, the officers considered it a religious duty to rout the men out at four o'clock in the morning and keep them standing in line for two hours, with their immense knapsacks strapped on their backs, putting them through the hardening process, to be sure. On the first day of Oct. the Army was ordered to march in pursuit of Bragg's Army, who was followed so closely that he was forced to turn and give battle at Perryville, on the 8th. of October, 1862, and although the 101st Ohio was not permitted to be in the thickest of the fight, the Reg. acquitted itself honorably. (When the Regt. left Louisville, A. R. Hill was left behind to guard Regimental property, and never re-joined it, but was discharged January 31, 1863, and after that, enlisted in some other regiment.) Bragg was badly worsted in this battle, and made haste to leave the state, passing through Cumberland Gap while the Union Army turned toward Nashville, passing through Bowling Green. At this place Webb and Wilson were left, being unable to stand the march, so that there now remained of the Wakeman boys, five of the ten who started out, namely: Elwood Martin, Harmon Martin, Wm. Russell, John Griffin, and Bud Strong. Arriving at Nashville, they went into camp, on the Granny White Pike, a few miles south of the city, the time being occupied in drilling, foraging and on picket duty. On the 25th of December, 1862, orders were issued to the Army to be ready to march the next day, and all who were not able to march should be sent to Nashville. Elwood Martin and John Griffin were sent back. Martin died in hospital of Typhoid fever, January, 23, 1863.

Griffin had the Black Measels, but recovered, and re-joined the Regt. at Murfreesboro in Jan. '63. The army moved out of camp on the 26th of Dec., and about noon, the Brigade to which the 101st. belonged, met the enemy at Knob Gap, and charged a Rebel Battery strongly posted in a range of hills, the 101st capturing

one of the guns. E. H. Kilbourn, who lived in Wakeman after the war, being the first to reach the gun. During the battle of Stone River, which occurred on Dec 31st., 1862, and Jan. 1st. and 2nd., 1863. Harmon Martin was detailed for hospital service, Thus leaving Russell and Strong to represent the Wakeman boys.

After the battle, the Regt. camped in the woods about two miles south of Murfreesboro, and the winter was spent in scouting, foraging, and doing picket duty. When the Regt, was mustered, Co. A had two Non-Commissioned officers from the Wakeman boys, Hill and Webb being appointed corporals. On the first day of Feb. 1863, neither of these being present with the company, John Griffin was appointed Corporal, and Strong was appointed Sergeant. In the early part of April, Strong began to be seriously indisposed, he would come out of his tent in the morning all tied up in a knot, and it would take some time to get limbered up. The Doctor pronounced it scurvy and he was sent to the Field Hospital on the bank of Stone River, where he remained one month.

A short time previous to his going to the Hospital, Sam Wilson had returned to the company. On the 24th of June, the army took up it's Southward journey, and the Corps and Division to which the 101st. belonged, soon got into business at Liberty Gap. The Corps lost 40 killed, and 100 wounded, Sam Wilson getting a bullet through his haversack. The Army pressed on and flanked Bragg out of Tullahoma, whence he retreated to Chattanooga and commenced fortifying. The Army arrived in the vicinity of Winchester, Tenn., on the 4th of July, and here we heard the news of the victory at Gettysburg and the fall of Vicksburg, and it would be difficult to describe the rejoicing that took place on account of these victories. While we lay at Winchester, the Captain and Orderly Sergeant of Co. A went home on Furlough, and Strong being the only Sergeant left with the Company, acted as Orderly. On the 17th. day of August the Army broke camp at Winchester, and

started South, the main object being to flank Gen'l Bragg out of Chattanooga, and to do this, the Army had to cut loose from its communication cross three or four mountain ranges, and the Tennessee River, and supply that great Army by moving the supplies over these natural obstacles in wagons. On the 4th. of Sept., the army was across the river without the loss of a man or an animal.

On the 7th. Bragg withdrew from Chattanooga, and Rosecrans supposing him to be in full retreat, placed his army in an indefensible position, the right and left wings being once fifty miles apart with rough mountainous country intervening, and Bragg's army in the center. But by skillful maneuvering Rosecrans managed to concentrate his army before Bragg could strike a blow, and was thus able to give battle on ground of his own choosing. On the morning of the 19th of September, the 101st, with its Brigade, was at Crawfish Springs, but it soon had orders to move, and made a run of three miles to the Viniard Farm, where it went into position in a large cornfield, the left resting in some woods skirting the field. Orders were given to lie down, so that the Battery could fire into the woods in front. The Battery fired so low some of our own men were hit, Charles Green being one of them. Orders were soon given to charge the woods, not knowing what was there, as the enemy had not fired a gun. But we soon found out, for we had no sooner reached the woods than they met us in strong force, and there being no support on the right, we were forced to give ground.

On a slight ridge somewhat to the rear of our first position, the Regt. rallied and made a desperate effort to stay their progress, but it was no use, for they far out-numbered us, and we had to fall back again. It was at this place that brave Sam Wilson received the fatal bullet. Stepping a little to one side to get the shelter of a friendly stump, he had just reached it when he threw up both hands, fell backwards, uttering the words: "Oh, Ben! This was the last seen of him. We fell back to a piece of woods

where we rallied again, and after re-forming the lines and getting reinforcements, we went at them again, fighting this ground over two or three times that afternoon and at night, holding nearly all that we had fought on. Bill Russell was slightly wounded in the hand in this fight. The next morning we moved about a mile, and took position at the southwest corner of the Brotherton field in the edge of some woods behind some low log breastworks thrown up during the night by some other troops, and immediately threw out skirmishers to relieve those who were out during the night. They had not gone out of sight when both lines of skirmishers were driven in, and from behind the breastwork we fired several volleys into the advancing enemy. Our Brigade, (Carlins) had about 1300. men in line. The division to our left (Woods,) by misinterpretation of orders had been taken out the line of battle and taken to another part of the field, leaving a gap of a division front. There was nothing on our right within supporting distance, and we were confronted by three divisions of Longstreet's Corps, fresh from Virginia. There was one of two things to do, run or be captured in toto. It was needless to say that we ran. It is said that we had orders to do so, but if we did some did not have the orders, and were a little slow in getting started. Strong was one of these, and after he did start he had not gone more than thirty paces, when something struck him that sent him sprawling to the ground, and on getting to his feet again he found his left arm limp as a rag, a ball having passed through both bones midway between the wrist and elbow. Before he got up, their solid lines of Rebel troops passed him. In that pursuit of our men, Charles Green and John Griffin were each wounded but escaped. Soon some Rebel stragglers came back, and Strong was ordered to their rear. He, with others were taken about three miles, crossing the Chicamauga at Reed's Bridge to the Rebel Field hospital, suffering the most excruciating pain every step of the way. Soon

after arriving there, he was placed on an operating table, fully expecting to loose his arm, fortunately there were two Union Surgeons there, and after considerable consultation, they decided to leave it on for a time. That same afternoon, the Rebel Gen. Hood had his leg amputated on the same table. Strong was detained at this hospital some ten days, when he, with three hundred other wounded prisoners was started for the South. At Ringgold, where they took the cars, he met Fred Haller, of his Company. (a man from Fitchville), who had been shot through the head on Saturday and left on the field for dead, or supposed to be. It is needless to say that he was very glad to meet one of his Company, and together they journeyed to Richmond. The trip was made mostly by daylight, the train stopping at night on some siding, the men being allowed to get out and stretch themselves and lay on the bare ground, which was quite a privilege, when it is remembered that they were packed in box cars so closely that to lie down, was impossible. The first stop was at Atlanta, where they were detained a week in the stockade, the boys called it "Bull Pen." As we left the train the women, about the depot (and they were richly dressed) made some very uncomplimentary remarks about the ——— Yanks. Here we met George Coleman, of Co. A, who had been shot through the body, and who died later in Andersonville. After leaving Atlanta the first night was spent in Augusta, the next at Raleigh. At Columbia some of the cars perversely left the track as we were being switched onto another road which detained us for some time. A few hours run from Raleigh, the engine getting tired of the track, took to the ditch, with disastrous consequences to the feelings of a coach load of Rebel citizens who happened to be next to the engine, and who were sorry that the—— Yanks had not been in their place. Our smash-up occurred in some woods, and the only way to proceed was to send to Weldon for another train which did not come to our relief until ten o'clock

in the night, some twelve hours after the accident. There being a less number of cars, some of the soldiers were obliged to go on top. The train arrived at Weldon before daylight, and after a few hours delay, started for Petersburg and Richmond, arriving at the latter place, about noon.

As we crossed the James River on a high bridge, we could see in the distance Bell Isle, where Union Soldiers were confined in a starving condition. This was Monday morning in the early part of November, and as soon as we were off the cars we were started down the street in the direction of Libby Prison, which we soon reached, and were placed in a large room without a sign of furniture in it, and only one faucet from which to obtain water, and when the men were all lain down there was an alley a foot wide between each two rows of men to move about in. The Union officers were confined in the room above the soldiers, and the boys were not long in finding means of communication with them, and many in this way learning that their own officers were very near them. Maj. McDonald of the 101st, who was in command of the Reg't. Sunday, and who was one of the principal promoters of the escape from Libby Prison through the tunnel was one of them. There was a stairway at the back end of the building leading from our room to the officer's room, being boarded over at the top. We had been on very short rations during our journey, and the officers learning of this had sent out (they had the privilege of sending out and buying provisions) and bought a lot of bread and crackers, and the first thing we knew they had ripped up a board and had thrown down a lot of eatables.

Of course there was a great rush for this corner of the room, and the guards at once discovered that something was wrong, and reported the fact to the proper officers, who came in and demanded to know who had done this awful deed. There was great ignorance in regard to the matter, no one having seen any-

body throw anything down. The Rebel officers told us we could have nothing to eat until we had told who did it. They kept their word well for three days and then returned and gave us a half loaf of bread each. That day we were taken from Libby, marched down the street one block, and up the hill one block to another empty building, the only thing in it being an old stove, but as there was no wood this was worse than useless. But we sorely needed both, for the nights were getting chilly, and scarcely a man had a blanket. After a while some officers came around examining the men and taking the names of those who were the most disabled, Strong being one of them. At night an order came for those who were on the list to report in the alley at the back of the building, and as their names were read off, they were put through a gate into the street. If we had been ignorant of the object of this move, it soon dawned upon us that this party were to be paroled and sent North, but Strong's time had not come. The list was gone through with, and his name had not been called.

The next morning, Harmon Martin was brought to this building, just coming down with the small-pox. He had been captured in the same battle, with the Ambulance train. He was sent to the small-pox Hospital, and later he and Fred Haller were sent to Salisbury and Andersonville, both being held prisoners over fifteen months. That day, Strong was taken down the hill one block to a Hospital where in a few days he had an operation performed, the Surgeon cutting a gash four inches long down to the bone, and then worming his finger around in this incision removing the pieces of bone, some of them an inch long, and during this operation he was perfectly conscious, having taken nothing to deaden the senses. From the time he left the Battlefield Hospital until this operation, or eleven days in all, he did not have a clean bandage, but by the most careful attention upon his part, he escaped contracting any disease that might have

proved serious. After being a week in this Hospital, he, with a large party were put on board a canal boat and started down the James River for City Point. They were so crowded on this boat that there was scarcely room to stand. At City Point the party was transferred to the City of New York, a fine U. S. Gov't vessel, and were soon on our way to Annapolis.

About the first thing that happened aboard the vessel, we were given a loaf of bread each, and a big bowl of coffee, and after an extended fast, we considered it the most appropriate thing that could have been done.

We were a day and night on Chesapeake Bay, arriving at Annapolis in the morning. We were at once taken to St. John's College hospital and assigned to wards in the various College buildings. This was an Episcopal College, and the Dormitory buildings had been taken for hospital purposes. The first thing that we did in our new quarters, we were taken to a bath room, stripped of all our clothing, and were given a good scrubbing in hot water, which we sadly needed, and then rigged out in a new suit of Uncle Sam's blue clothes, the old ones meanwhile being dumped out the window. This was the cold winter of '63-64, and the Bay was frozen over in places and from our windows we could see men gathering oysters through the ice, and by the way they formed a large part of our living. During our stay here, the Russian war fleet come into port and the sailors coming on shore, had many a scrap with our soldiers. New Year's day we had a very nice Turkey dinner, one item of the menu being a glass of ale, which was not much relished by some of the guests. Soon after New Years, a party was made up and sent to Madison, Ind., and after a week in this Hospital, the inmates were examined to see if they were able to go to the Parole camp, it being understood that they would be sent to Camp Chase, Ohio.

The Doctor thought the subject of this sketch was not able to

stand camp life, but after much pleading by the interested party, he was permitted to go along. The party was put on board a boat bound for Cincinnati, and arriving there, were taken to Columbus, and from there to Camp Chase, where they were put in Parole Barracks, which were very dirty, miserable affairs, and one of them at least, was occupied by a very questionable lot of men. The next morning he reported to the Doctor, and was ordered to the Hospital which was more than pleasing to him, as one night in that barracks was a plenty. At the hospital he was examined once a week for some time, the Doctors not appearing to be able to determine what was best to do. Finally, about the first of April '64, they said, well, we will give him a thirty days furlough, and when he comes back we will decide. It is almost impossible to describe the feeling of home-sickness to one who has never experienced it. That awful feeling that comes over one when long absent from home and dear ones that makes one feel that he would almost embrace a measly dog that come from his home town. You can readily imagine then the joy that came to the heart of the wounded soldier as he contemplated the thought of once more visiting the scenes of his early childhood, and sitting once more at Mother's table. The thirty days passed rapidly away, and at their end he reluctantly bid good bye, and started for Camp Chase. Soon after his arrival he was examined by the Surgeons and pronounced unfit for further military duty, and honorably discharged from the service of the United States Government, the discharge being dated May 5th., 1864.

Bill Russell was never with the Co. any more, In the winter of '63-64 he was transferred to the Gunboat service. Webb returned to the Reg't. in the spring of 1864, and participated in the Atlanta Campaign until the battle of Kenesaw Mountain, when he was severely wounded, and was discharged March 27th, 1865. John Griffin, after lying in hospital all winter, ran away from a Cleve-

land Hospital before he had recovered from his wounds, and made his way back to the Reg't. where he stayed until they were mustered out June 12th, 1865. This ends the history of the Wakeman boys as nearly as can be told after a lapse of forty-three years, without any data, except what is stored in the brain of one of the interested parties. Oberlin, O., 1907.

BENJ. T. STRONG

Comrades of Co. A, and of the other Cos, of the 101st O. V. I, and the friends of those who have passed away, I will explain to you that when I arranged with Sergt. Ben. Strong in 1905 for this Biography, it was after I had written one for him, and submitted it to his approval. He rejected it because he said I had given him to prominent a place in it. So he then went to work and wrote the 20 pages of Mss. I have given the reader. In it he only undertakes to give the history of his Wakeman township boys in Co. "A" and his own history to his discharge.

I think now (1913) after reading several old letters, that Strong and I should have had Bill Russell on our C—battle list, thus making Lieut. Bryant and 17 men to enter action Strong mentions him twice. Among the 4 men left of Co "A" at the close of Battle we failed to give Albert Whitney's name. Nor should we omit the mention of Sergt. Knapp's heroism in rescuing the Regimental Colors Saturday and carrying them through the rest of the Battle

For all of these prominent actions by the "Old 101st Boys", see our comrade L. W. Day's History of the Regt. There are plenty for sale yet. It is a fine illustrated book of 463 pages.

The undersigned will, in time, give some further history of the Co. "A" Boys, and their services to the end of the War.

A VISIT 41 YEARS AFTER, TO THE NATIONAL PARK OF CHATTANOOGA AND CHICAMAUGA.

By Sergt. B. T. STRONG, of The 101st OHIO Vol. Inf.

Printed now for the first time, "50 Years After",

The Battle of Chickamauga.

SOME EXTRACTS FROM OLD LETTERS.

When Comrade Strong quit the farm in Wakeman in 1886, and moved to Oberlin to give his family a home while getting their education, he found it agreeable as well as profitable to go to work at the stone mason's trade. Especially that part of dressing up the great stones used for outside ornamentation on work. After working at it a few years, here is how his wife Mary puts it in a few sentences in a letter dated May 12, 1901, "Ben works too hard and is getting bent and worn, I hope he will never need to build another house, and do the stone work, it is too heavy and wearing. I am so glad however, to have a good modern arranged stone and brick house."

Another letter, this time from Ben, dated Oct. 15, 1905, refuses to let me publish in my "Wakeman Book of Some Local History and Biographies" a biography of my own get up about Strong that I sent on for his approval because it gave him "altogether too much notoriety which is something contrary to my own make up," and says that he will write a history of the Wakeman Boys and himself for me to use, (which as the reader can see he did by 1907 and which we have used.)

Ben now proceeds this same date to write about a winter and spring trip he made to the Pacific coast and back to enable him to rest up from his hard labors of 17 years dressing stone. He says: Charlie I don't know as I have ever written to you about my trip West. In the winter of 1903-'04 I visited my son, Jarvis A. Strong, professor of music, located at Dayton, Washington. From there I went on to the Pacific coast, where I visited all the principal cities from Seattle to Los Angeles. Returning by New Orleans and Chattanooga, where I spent a most delightful week.

CRAWFISH SPRINGS.

I spent three days tramping over the old battlefield, and found things very much changed in some respects. There is a steam railway out through Crawfish Springs where there is quite a little burg. The old Lee mansion still stands but was unoccupied. There is a very large hotel close by the springs, but is now used as a hospital, there being a regiment of U. S. cavalry quartered between the Viniard House and the widow Glenn House. The road we took from the Springs to the Battlefield in war days is not in use as the railway crosses it seven times between the Springs and Lytle station which is quite a village, situated near where we crossed the Dry

ON THE OLD CHICAMAUGA BATTLEFIELD.

Valley road Sunday morning of the fight three-fourths of a mile north of the Widow Glenn house.

General Lytle was killed on the ridge a short distance south of where we halted when Gen. Rosecrans rode along the line just before we advanced to the log breast works on Sunday morning.

MISSION RIDGE AND NATIONAL CEMETERY.

The first day I was in Chattanooga I went to the National Cemetery, and from there to Mission Ridge where I fell in with a comrade from Wellington, O., Ben Vanator, and by the way, a cousin of Miles E. Cartwright. He was a fine companion and as anxious to see things as I was; although he was not in the battle but his battery, the Second Ohio Heavy Artillery, was stationed in Chattanooga during the siege.

The first day we took the Rapid Transit electric line which landed us about one-fourth mile west of the inter-section of the Lafayette and Reeds Bridge roads, and three-fourths of a mile north of Snodgrass Hill. We made our way immediately to the latter place and commenced our work. The old Snodgrass house and barn stood in their original condition, (even to a mule in the barn) and although there was a battery right in front of the house and some most desperate fighting occurred here, there is not a scratch of a bullet or shell on either one.

We spent the morning looking over the ground and reading the tablets. The position of every brigade is marked by a tablet, which is a cast iron plate 3x4 feet square erected on an iron post containing about 300 words in raised letters faced with white paint, and as you know every Ohio regiments position is marked by a fine granite monument, and every Ohio regiment is marked by a duplicate battery in style and number of guns with cast iron carriages, it is easy for the old soldiers to find their positions in the battle.

From Snodgrass Hill we passed to the Right, through Lytle station, pass Bloody Pond to the Widow Glenn house which was burned during the battle but now restored. Near here is Gen. Wilder's Brigade monument, a circular stone tower 90 feet high, from the top of which one gets a splendid view of the surrounding country. From here we went back to Lytle Hill and started to find our Sunday position. Going about three-fourths of a mile directly east we came to our Brigade (Carlin's) tablet in the Southwest corner of the Brotherton field and among other things I read this: "Number engaged something over 1300; per cent of casualties 57.57," something that I did not see on any other tablet. To think that our own command Gen. Carlin's Brigade of Gen. Davis' Division right here lost over half of their number in killed, wounded and prisoners in less than an hour's time, Sunday noon, and that here it was that you and I, John Griffin and others of Company A, got shot and only four men of the Company left.

You know that we were isolated in the battle line, that Gen. Wood having withdrawn his division on the Left and Gen. Sheridan far to our rear on our Right left fatal gaps on each side of us. Well the ground did

not look right to me. You remember we lay just in the edge of the timber well back from the present tablet, which was evidently intended to mark our position then. Some growth of white oaks now only 6 or 8 inches through, there evidently planted by the Park Board to replace the timber cleared off since the battle from the field in front of us now confused me. You know the Rebel Gen. Longstreet, had two divisions in front of us that day. Well we made our way down the lines to the left arriving at the car station about dark, it having rained a drizzle all day.

The next day we took the steam cars for Crawfish Springs, we took the dirt road for Gordon's Mill which we found to be the same structure that it was there 40 years ago with some modern improvements, turning out 60 barrels of flour every twenty four hours. From here we followed the Lafayette Road north to the Viniard farm where we were engaged Saturday. Here it became interesting. About 100 yards east of the road are ranged our Brigade monuments. 1st to the south the 81st Indiana, then the 21st Illinois, the 101st Ohio and lastly the 38th Illinois.

GEN. CARLIN'S BRIGADE MONUMENTS AND SAT'Y'S FIGHT.

After viewing the monuments we crossed the road to the house and inquired of an old gentleman if that was the Viniard house? No; he said that stood over there, pointing to the south. A lady standing on the porch said to us: "Won't you come in and have a cup of coffee?" We told her we thought it very kind of her, and went in and had hot biscuit and coffee. She told us about the Major, and asked her about her father. And later we saw his name, Major Lynam, 9th Mississippi, on a Rebel tablet.

A (cannon) shell monument a little north and west of the house marks the spot where Col. Heg of the 15th Wisconsin was mortally wounded. I think one monument stands very near the spot where Sam Wilson of Company A fell. From here we went to Hall's Ford Tower. By the way, there are three viewpoints on the field, 70 feet high. On Snodgrass Hill one, near the Reed Bridge Road east of the Kelly field one, and the one at Halls Ford of the Chicamauga Creek. They are all built of iron.

You remember the words where we found the Rebels Saturday were filled with a dense underbrush, as they were on many other parts of the battlefield. Now this brush is all cleared away and you can see a long distance.

From Halls Ford we came back to the Lafayette Road and followed that to the left past the Brotherton house which is about east of where Woods' division was in line Sunday morning. And although there was severe fighting all around we failed to find the mark of a bullet or shell on it. (I think that the old buildings of war days on the battle ground had mostly decayed or been destroyed previous to the Park Boards' work and that they restored them anew with such old looking material from other log cabins as they could get, when I was there at the dedication of the Park in 1895 and spent 3 or 4 days looking it all over I caught on to a lot of these things because there were hundreds of comrades and hundreds of Confederates who had all been in the battle.—Editor.)

ON THE OLD CHICAMAUGA BATTLEFIELD.

Following the Lafayette Road still further north to the Poe field, we find that the State of Georgia has erected a fine monument about 50 feet high, and right here is where our lines commenced to bend to the east and north around the Kelly farm, and our side maintained this position without much fighting while the battle was raging in Snodgrass Hill. It being near night we made our way to the electric station feeling that we had spent a profitable day.

The next day, Sunday, my companion thought he would not go, so I started alone. Going out by the Electric I wanted to find the place where I was held a prisoner. I took the Reed Bridge road to the bridge passing over the ground where the battle opened Saturday morning. Crossing the bridge the ground did not look right to me, being grown up to timber. So I turned back and took the road to Alexander's Bridge, passing Jay's Mill, but I was soon satisfied that that was not the place. I made my way back to the line of battle of Saturday, around the Winfrey house and Brock

THE BROCK FIELD AND 41st OHIO.

field, where the 41st Ohio was engaged and Col. Baldwin was killed. Then north on the road to the Kelly field and around that field where I found a large number of monuments to which I had not discovered before. It was now getting dark and I hastened my way to the car station, having traveled on foot about 12 miles. In fact we averaged ten or twelve miles every day, for a week that we were around Chattanooga. All these little bridle paths of war days are now broad macadam roads and there is a 50 foot boulevard from the north end of Missionary Ridge to Ringold station a number of miles long as smooth as a pavement.

Well I will say that I enjoyed my visit immensely and would liked to have had spent a month going over all the ground that Gen. Davis' division of Gen. McCook's corps covered after crossing the Tennessee river, near Bridgeport, Alabama, September 4, 1863 until the Chickamauga Battle closed.

THE MONUMENTS THE STATE OF OHIO HAS BUILT.

It is wonderful what the state of Ohio has done to commemorate the valor of her heroes and martyrs, besides the 55 granite monuments on Chickamauga Field, she has erected an 85 foot monument on Missionary Ridge at a cost of \$27,000, and wherever an Ohio regiment gained the crest of the Ridge in that battle of Missionary Ridge, she has placed a bronze tablet mounted on a granite post, giving a description of the action of the regiment.

It is a beautiful country and Chattanooga is a very enterprising city, and I shall certainly revisit it and stay longer. Do you know Charlie, I take great pleasure in reading the set of the 130 volumes and 500 maps, official Rebellion Records, in our library. I have a book that I prize much, Gen. Boyington's Report in 1895 to the Government on the Dedication of the Chattanooga and Chickamauga National Park.

Yours truly, with kind regards,

BENJAMIN T. STRONG,

Late of Company A, 101st O. V. I, Army of the Cumberland.

CLOSING WORD.

Olathe, Kan. Dec. 9, 1913.

At this date I would say to Comrade Strong's friends, that I have waited 5 weeks to get hold of Strong's Cut used on page 171, 101st Ohio History, and failed. So I send his little pamphlet out to fulfill its mission.

I never met a Civil War Veteran who has studied up the details of Gen. Rosecrans' Chickamauga Campaign, and that terrible Battle that cut our Regiment down from 225 to 65 men the first roll call afterwards, who could talk as near a straight story of it as Sergeant Strong of Oberlin O.

About 4 weeks ago I sent out some 25 circular letters to the (supposed alive) members of Co A, and friends of the Old Boys who have answered the last roll call. I am astonished at the result of that spurt of mine. 5 answers, one from Phillip Henley of Tex. the youngest boy of Co A I expect, (67 now). Another from the dau. of Fred Haller, Kenesaw, Neb. saying that he was still alive but so paralyzed in his hands by rheumatism that he could'nt write, which I suppose is the matter with about 13 other of Co A Boys just now.

I expect now to add to Comrade Strong's 25 ct pamphlet, a lot of my own War Experiences. It will cover all "Co A" members, in mentioning their names and from what towns. Especially will the Clarksfield Boys of the 101st get their turn, with war pictures etc Making a bound book of 60 or 75 pages for 50 cts. Those getting this pamphlet, can if they choose, after reading it turn it back to me to be bound into the larger book.

Charles R. Green. Late of Co. A 101 O. V. I.



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